Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN: AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the Dog of darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.

*Niflisheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle; over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death,
Onward roll his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes.)
Till fall before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The earth of the prophetic Maid.

The duff of the Runic rhyme,
Facing to the northern clime,
Three times pronounced, in accents dread
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead.

Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fallen sound.

Fr. What call unknown, what charms profane?
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite?
And drag me from the realms of night?
Long on these mourning bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat.

Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O, a Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know,
Tell me what is done below,
For whom ye glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom ye golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet fee
The pure beverage of the bee.
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
Balder's head to death is given.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey,
Prophet's, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

Pr. In Hoder's hand the Heroe's doom,
His brother forces him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophet's, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who the Avenger of his guilt,
By whom Hoder's blood be spill.

H. 4
Pr. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin’s fierce embrace comprized,
A wonderous Boy! shall Rinda bear,
Who ne’er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wake his vigile in the fire;
Till he on Hoder’s corse shall alight;
Flaming on the funeral pile,
Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey,
Prophet, awake, and say,
What Virgins there, in speechless woe,
What their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence theirorrow’s rote;
Then I leave them to repose.

Pr. Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men! I know thee now,
Mightest of a mighty line.

O. No boding Maid of skil divine.
Art thou, nor prophets of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

Pr. Hee hence, hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come.
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN:

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE SAME.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

* Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred-deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

* Owen succeeded his Father Griffin in the Principality of North-Wales, A.D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards.

* North-Wales.